

THE KLEKSOGRAPH

An International Review of Art and the Subconscious

Issue 10 January 2023

Poetry by René Daumal, Martin Ferguson, Gerry Fabian, Phil Wood, Alison Black, Maria Arana, Sam Smith, Rikki Santer, George Moore, Peter Van Belle, Algo, Alan Cohen, Ian C. Smith, Ray Miller, Sam Barbee, and Gary Bolick

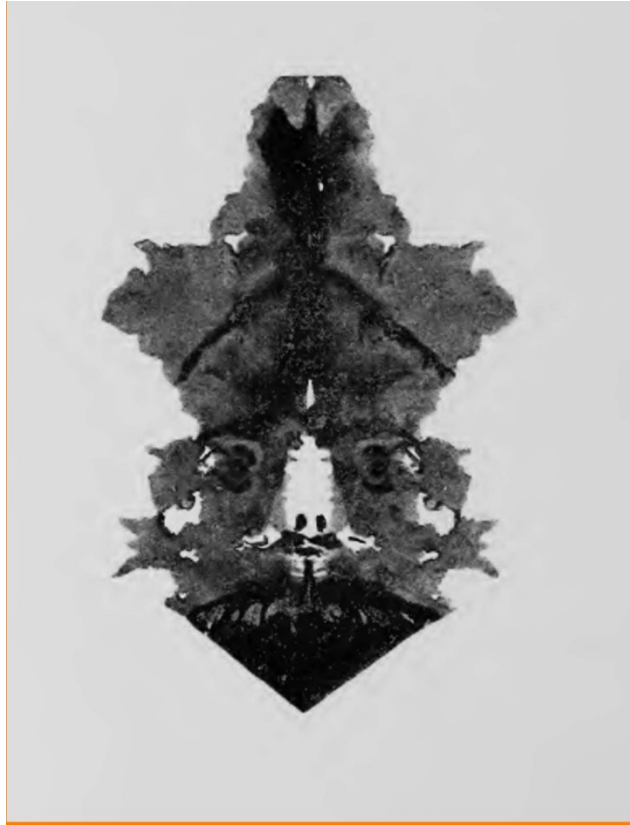
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Art by El Lissitzky, Laura Minning, Pauline Barbieri, Claude Cahun, Franz Messerschmidt, and Alice Bailly



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Editor: Peter Van Belle



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In the mid-nineteenth century, Justinus Kerner, published his book of “Kleksographien”. Later psychologists used similar ink blots as a means of accessing the subconscious of their patients. The Kleksograph (Klecks is the official German spelling) is dedicated to exploring and celebrating the relationship between the subconscious and art.

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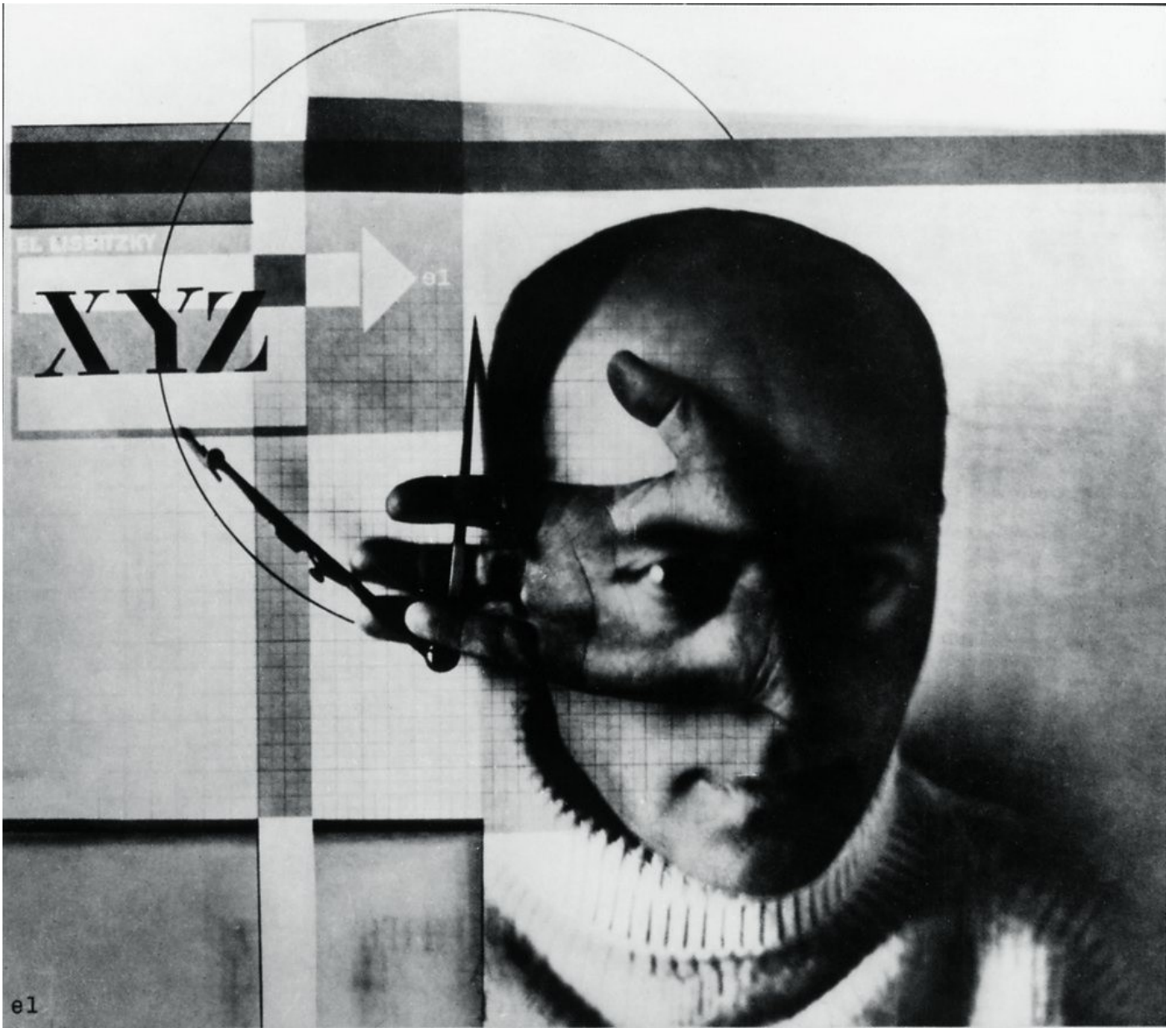
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The Constructor, El Lissitzky

René Daumal

Civilization

Lorsque la parole fut inscrite
pour la première fois,
l'air clarifié ne pesait plus dans les têtes
et la multitude avait soif.
Tous les germes morts, morts dans leur descendance,
l'écorce était le tombeau de la graine,
la montagne achevait de saigner,
et la terre du sang était à la pierre,
et l'eau du sang était à la mer
et le feu du sang à l'éclair.
Ils gémissaient, les vieux couverts de rouille.

" ... retourne à la roue, mon souffle !
va piétiner sur les planètes
avec tes pas lourds dans la nuit des cavernes.
Mes enfants n'ont plus de pensées !
Mes beaux enfants ont la cervelle vide.
La vie est facile, ils ne vivent plus ... "

et les vieux mouraient entre les dents de tague,
leurs visages veinant le marbre, sous le silex dorment
profonds ceux qui furent plus profonds que le fond.

Sous un thorax d'oiseau le vide sans bornes a cessé de bourdonner.
Mille loups aveugles dans cette soupente !
et moi qui n'ai plus le souffle".

When the word was first written,
clean air no longer weighed in the heads,
and the multitude was thirsty.
All the dead germs, were dead in their posterity,
the bark was the tomb of the seed,
the mountain was still bleeding
and the land of blood was stone
and the water of the blood was in the sea
and the fire blood in lightening.
The old covered in rust, they howled,

" ... return my breath to the wheel !
go and trample on the planets
with your heavy steps in the cavernous night.
My children no longer have thoughts!
My beautiful children, their brains empty.
Life is easy, they live no more ... "

and the old were dying between the teeth of silence,
their faces became marble beneath the dormant sleep of flint,
deeper than the bone's core.

The boundless void has ceased to buzz
beneath the droning of a bird's chest.
A thousand blind wolves, under this slope !
and I, at my very last breath.

translated by Martin Ferguson

Martin Ferguson

Swimming Pool

In first unity with the water,
magnetic collective unconscious,
hard wires us to hang on

to casual glimpse of unfettered instinct.
Stirring light on coloured wet skins,
finger webbed forms

tear vigorously at the aqua,
encircling comfort, a sensuous allure,
human body hair streamlines

flashes through artificial sun flecked depths,
metamorphosed into marine life.
Ancient inscriptions resuscitate,

aquatic evocations haunt,
the urban mind's indigenous recollection;
empathy for all cousins cetacean.

Congregation on chlorine shores,
mammalian shrieks of delight,
too frantic to chill into syntax;

blended echoes, into one
single amphibious tongue.



Serving the Ideal by Peter Van Belle

Martin Ferguson

Misy-sur-Yonne Chapel

Abandoned, at the edge of the village,
its entrance rust barred,
from those still choosing to pay homage.

You approach the doorway
to address your symptoms.

The rising sun hallelujahs belief –

Faith scratched in charcoal,
on the inside facing wall.

Solis Deo Fregit Mea Gloria.



photographs by Martin Ferguson

Gerry Fabian

Mercurial Camouflage

Young daughter of Ophelia's ghost -
Host to the troubled dying mind.
Find the evening sleep demon cure-
You're silent. The water's lap the beach
Reach for the lovers, you castrate.
Menstruate your womanhood sound
around as a whirlpool in rage.
Engage the sucking lips of guilt.
Tilt the blood in body anguish pain.
Stain frosted movement, unseen tongue.

Gerry Fabian

Wildflower Women

have defined my life.
Their unkempt hair,
flowing like the silk
of ripe corn fields,
sparks my wanderlust.
White creamy barn skin
defines my identity.
Flour crusted fingers
teach me personal length.
But the faraway lost eyes
straining in the evening's dark
transcend
the learning curve of the heart.

LB Sedlacek

The Butterfly Kick

How do you take out an insurance policy without someone knowing? How do you do a butterfly kick in the pool with only one foot?

Questions that had plagued me all my life. The answer to the first one: unscrupulous agent or online only form. The answer to the second one: you can't, moving one foot is a freestyle kick.

No one was answering those questions or any others as I stared at the pool of blood in the grass underneath the meat hooks. "Here's where you drain the blood from cows or deer, maybe a bear."

My partner echoes "You can kill one bear a season." He sniffed at the grass. "Doesn't smell like bear."

I checked my notebook. "Missing person. Husband hasn't seen her in weeks. Her car, a white sedan something, turns up at a rest area across state lines."

"Take a while to extract it."

I nod. I spit at the grass. Stand tall, pull down my cap, slide my sunglasses down my nose. He was taller, but I was thinner.

"Especially since the carry-on box in the trunk was full of pieces of her."

"Takes a sick dude to slice up a woman, wife or not."

"Always suspect the husband."

"Especially since he's her life insurance beneficiary."

"He's a lawyer. He'll file a lawsuit. Continue it. File again. And keep at it. We accuse him--. But, we got no proof."

"Only this blood that's not a bear."

"Or a deer."

"How should I write it up?"

"On our end – missing person."

"Across the state?"

"Seems like they'll have them a murder to solve."

"And the insurance?"

"It was for two million."

"He'll collect."

"Most likely."

"I think we're in the wrong line of work."



Le Fleau by Henri Danger

“Yeah, maybe we should be working for the insurance company.”

“Maybe.”

“Since we’re done here, I’m going to head over to the city pool for a swim.”

“Yeah, you still swim?” My partner pushed up his hat revealing lush locks of red hair.

“Never gave it up.”

“You got so mad, though, when you lost that race you won cause they said you did a butterfly kick when you really did a freestyle kick with one foot.”

“They got it wrong. I couldn’t convince them otherwise.”

“People see what they want to see.”

I nod. I point at the pool of dried blood.

“I don’t see bear or deer or even cattle making this kind of and amount and shade, do you?”

My partner of less than six months shakes his head.

“I’m a rookie. You’re the one with the experience.”

He stuffs a wad of tobacco in his mouth and chews.

“I’ve done my fair amount of hunting, and cleaning.”

He sniffs the air again.

“Like I said, not bear. Not deer.”

He glanced around the farm.

“Mr. Grant let go of all of his workers as soon as the body was found, not when Mrs. Grant went missing.”

My partner bends down and sticks his nose close to the grass blades and the thick red dried spots. “Smells like human to me.”



The Djinn's Mouth by Peter Van Belle

John Winder & Phil Wood

photograph by John Winder



A Hypnotherapist's Case File

The customers' lips are moist for primal cuts.
A fondness of meat spirals in their DNA.
My father, his father, born to be scholars
of butchery. I was a butcher for the Legion,
young boys hunger for offal. Now, I stroll
Parisian boulevards and parks, a voyeur
of the choicest joints - they're hand
in hand, spring hearted like lambs. Succulence
that promises such treats for the palate.
Yes, though blood carries the same smell,
I know some will bloom redder than others.
Humans evolve with an acquired taste.

ii

My brother, Dafydd ap Gruffydd, fastened
to a wooden panel and drawn by horse
to Shrewsbury. Hanged there to the point
of death, emasculated, disembowelled,
beheaded and quartered - abstracted
across the realm of King Edward:
head spiked on the Tower of London;
his broken hand displayed in York;
the left arm in Bristol; his wrenched leg
and hip at Hereford. The malodorous
map of this traitor I executed to order.

She sleeps. The canopic jars wait:

Hapi, baboon headed, grins for
the breath of my lover's lungs. Duanetef,
jackal mouth drooling. Imseti,
face lighted with an anticipation
of liver. Qebehseuef, falconed eyed,
dreaming a feast of intestines. My lover's
skin glistens in oils, balanos blended
with myrrh and cinnamon. I disrobe
and share my scent, though priests paint
the shadows with incantation. I genuflect
before Anubis. What weight is my heart?

Alison Black

The Eyes Have It

I have allowed fate,
To play a part of my life,
Some roads,
I chose to go down.

Some roads not,
I believe that I have a guardian angel,
Watching over me.

Some people may not believe,
That's ok ,
My eyes have it.

Alison Black

Mother Tongue

Having failed at two mother's,

Having lost faith,

Lost in pain.

Hurt by two mother's,

Let down by mother's,

Emotional of no love.

Met a substitute mother,

Found faith in her,

Not hurting anymore.

Laura Minning
The Fabric of Fall



Maria Arana

As It Was

paper mâché

blue

drifting with the wind

landing on cool water

ripples singing

along with my beat

a stone for a heart

a wand for a string

green

in the marshes

feet taste salt

decay

and you gone

Laura Minning
Summer Breeze



Maria Arana

Disappearing

the more of you enter
the smaller I get
shrinking
into button-sized holes

the more you push
the smaller I get
flattened by your heat
and when I'm through

shrinking
you boast of the end result
as my body lays
twisted into a mangled heap

Laura Minning
Kinetic Cultivation



Sam Smith

Time's Impress on Fossil Water

Time's impress on fossil water

has its many forms of life

in the ocean dark of

five thousand fathoms

deep creating their

own soft

glow

Laura Minning

Citrine



Paul Murgatroyd

Simon

‘Simon? Simon? Is that you, Simon?’

‘Mumsie! Yes, it’s me.’

‘I knew it. What happened, Simon?’

‘What? What do you mean?’

‘You made it to the hotel.’

‘Yes we did.’

‘Did something happen there?’

‘What? No. The hotel was fine, nothing happened there.’

‘All right, Simon, tell me what did happen. I never wanted you to go to that place.’

‘Erm, OK, mumsie... Well, I, er, I thought eastern Europe would make a diverting change, from old Tuscany and Provence, hoped it would be delightfully improbable, and it was. I loved the place. Absolutely loved it... We didn’t get to the hotel until after seven. We could hardly understand the charming young man on the desk, who spoke a superbly rococo English, but somehow we managed to check in. Then we took the lift to our floor. A gloriously grotesque lift. It had no walls, so we had to tuck in our elbows, so we didn’t catch them on the lift-shaft. And the room was number 816, but it was on the fourth floor, ha ha. That was bizarre, rather unexpected. And in the room the wardrobe had no coat-hangers at all in it. But it did have a shoehorn. With an ornate handle. About two foot long. Priceless!

Anyway we piled our clothes and shoes on the shelves and stowed the cases. Then John found this leaflet on top of the TV. The antique TV – dating from the eighties, I’d say – the eighteen-eighties, ha ha. It was about the city and all its amenities, and was in this wonderfully absurd English. It said: “The city by night – the sophistication you cannot stand. There are numerous splendid spots in the millioned town, and you can feel the outpouring of adrenaline in the smart bingo clubs.” Smart bingo clubs!

Then there was something amusing about the museum. What was it? Oh yes: “The museum has the memory... In it there is vast documentation and photographs of the soldiers in the first world war and some other fights, who had the mission to throw to the enemies some little explosives called granates.” Whatever granates are when they’re at home.’



Incubated Knowledge, painting by Pauline Barbieri

‘Grenades, dear. Hand grenades.’

‘Really? Do you think so? I suppose you might be right, mumsie. Anyway then it went on to restaurants and said: “Be paying a visit please to the Mountain Restaurant, where you can enjoy the finest international cuisinie and eat local delicacies like grilled chaps with fruit of the lemon and fried brians.” I got quite a shock at that, but John said they were just typos and what they really meant was grilled chops and fried brains. We didn’t fancy eating brains, ew, but we were starving. John wanted pepper steak or Vienna schnitzel, but I said we should try local food at least once, for a bit of local colour. We couldn’t get a signal for our phones, which was really annoying, so we went to ask the young man on the desk for directions to the Mountain Restaurant, and relished his baroque English all over again.’

‘So you went to this Mountain Restaurant?’

‘Well actually that’s a long story.’

‘Never mind, dear. Do tell me, I want to hear it.’

‘OK. When we asked about the Mountain Restaurant he was absolutely bewildered. He asked if we didn’t mean Pizza Hut, which he said was “vairy nice”. We said we’d maybe try that later, but for our first night we wanted to try local food. Then he said: “You wish perhaps the grail?”

John said: “What – the Holy Grail? Does it come with chips?”

And he said: “No, the grail lamb, the grail beef, the grail pork.”

I still didn’t get it, but John reckoned he meant “grilled”. Well, that didn’t sound at all exotic, so I said we were thinking of stuff like fried brains – not actual fried brains, but local dishes like that, just not so...extreme.

He said: “Ah yes, the fried brians. This is a varyy traditional dish, specific to this district only. And to some others too.” Priceless! Anyway I asked where this Mountain Restaurant was, and he said: “I am not knowing. I cannot help you.” So John asked if there was anyone else there who might know. The clerk asked the bellhop if he knew where it was, but he shrugged. Didn’t say anything, just shrugged his shoulders. And then, amazingly, the clerk claimed the bellhop had just said that the restaurant was up on the mountain.

Well, John is my best friend, love him like a brother and all that, but he can be a bit nasty at times – he actually told me once that I suffer from verbal diarrhoea.’

‘Did he, Simon? That’s a bit much.’

‘Yes he did. I was quite miffed. Anyway now he said to the clerk: “Well well, that’s a surprise. Who’d have expected the Mountain Restaurant to be up on a mountain? OK, Einstein, how do we get there?”

The clerk said it was a short bus ride, across the river. And then added, magnificently: ‘There are many fishings in this river.’ Many fishings! Isn’t that wonderful? Anyway when John asked him the number of the bus, he said it had no number. He really did! John snorted and was about to make a comment when the young man said there was a tram which they used. John asked if by any chance the tram had a number, and he said yes, it was number nineteen. Or nine. One of those.

Sarky old John thanked him and said that was very helpful and asked where one caught this preposterous tram. And the clerk said: “At the Palast of Culture. In its bowels.” He said it was down Heroes Boulevard, turn left at the end of the street, and it was just past the park with the statue of the famed Byzantine king who they called The Killer of Our People.

I asked if he was called that because he killed a lot of their people. But he said no, it was because in a big battle he defeated their army and blinded ninety-nine out of each hundred survivors. I thought that meant he killed the hundredth ones, but no, apparently he left them alive, with one eye each, so they could lead the others back home. Ha! So that name is really –‘

‘So you went off to find it? The Palace of Culture. Yes?’

‘Er yes, we did. We duly turned left at the end of the street and on to Heroes Boulevard. And then we came to an intersection where this big black dog was sitting on the pavement scrutinizing the passing traffic. There was quite a lot of traffic, so we couldn’t get across for quite a while - they don’t run to traffic lights there. Suddenly a yellow taxi appeared, and the dog charged it. Growling and biting its tyres. The taxi driver was grinning, and slowed right down, so the dog wouldn’t get hurt. I saw the dog do that to two more taxis, which also slowed down for it. But it left all the other cars alone. Even yellow ones. It was extraordinary, baffling. John reckoned the dog must have been hit by a yellow taxi at some time in the past. I don’t know. I suppose that might be right.

Anyway eventually there was a break in the traffic and we scampered across. Then we came to the park. It was wonderful, mumsie, like a little paradise, rus in urbe and all that. There were trees and grass and lots of stalls there. One was selling lottery tickets, and had two rabbits, a white one and a black one, which were used to select tickets for the customers. Isn’t that marvellous, so –‘

‘Yes, that’s very interesting, Simon, but did you get to the Palace of Culture?’

‘What? Erm, yes we did. It was at the far end of the park, with steps leading down to a road that actually ran under the building. It really did. Right under the building. In its bowels, as the clerk put it. In the centre of the road there was this strip of pavement about a foot wide, where people were waiting for trams, and swaying gently in the slipstreams as traffic sped by on either side of them. We joined the queue.’

‘That sounds dangerous. You didn’t –‘

‘No, mumsie, it was fine. A tram arrived almost immediately, and I asked the driver if that tram went up the mountain. He shook his head, so I stepped back. But John said that meant Yes. He’d googled the place and found out that they shake their heads for Yes. Marvellously whimsical. I wonder how that came about, who did it first, and if he confused everybody else, as I was confused...

Anyway we got on, paid the driver and were conveyed into a superbly outlandish cityscape. On the grass verge were waist-high weeds, and we saw a man with a scythe cutting them down. Yes, an actual, real-life scythe. So bucolic! And further on the weeds were being cropped by a flock of goats. An actual flock of goats, grazing peacefully on the verge amid all the traffic. Then we passed some tower-blocks which had enormous adverts all down their sides. Adverts for Coca Cola Forever, and Electric Beach Students, and Burglar Leasing, and (my personal favourite) Diplomatic Shop With Carry Out Home Delivery Service. Splendid, so outré!

After half an hour or so the tram stopped, permanently. We’d reached the end of the line – a group of grey tower-blocks in the middle of muddy fields with no streets. The rest of the passengers got down and headed off into the fields. We also got off, and looked all round for the mountain. But we couldn’t see a mountain or anything vaguely like a mountain anywhere. Not even a hill. Or a hillock. We stood there helplessly for a few minutes, wondering which way to go, and then started to head off we knew not where.’

‘Did you get lost, Simon? Did you just wander off and get lost?’

‘Oh no, mumsie. The tram went round a little loop in the track and then drew up next to us, pointing back towards the city centre. And the nice friendly driver beckoned us back on board. So we got on, paid again and retraced our journey to the Palace of Culture. We got off there, after our fascinating sight-seeing tour, and decided we’d never find the Mountain Restaurant, so just gave upon it.’

‘So where did you go then?’

‘Well, we wandered back towards the hotel, hoping we’d catch sight of a restaurant down a side street. We hadn’t seen any on the Boulevard or in the park – not even a hot dog stand there. We had no joy at first. When we reached the intersection with the dog we found

that now it was just sitting quietly, not attacking yellow taxis at all. There was a policeman standing next to it, and it kept looking up at him nervously. It let three taxis go past unmolested while we were there. He was keeping an eye on the animal, and grinning. It was almost as if it didn't want to misbehave while he was there and get into trouble with the police, ha ha.'

'That's amusing, Simon. And after the dog?'

'Er, right after that John caught sight of something down a side street and made me go and have a look at it. It was an ornate marble structure with bullet holes in it. Yes, actual bullet holes. From the uprising. John had seen it on the internet. He said it was the tomb of the much-hated head of the secret police, which they had turned into a urinal, so everybody could go and pee on his ashes. Ew! Pretty crude stuff. But then the regime had been pretty hard on people – they banned vitamin pills and dental implants for women, and apparently there was a decree that all women under forty-five had to have six children. So you can understand the rather uncouth reaction with the tomb, I suppose. Savage amusement, John called it.'

'Quite. Could we maybe move on from the tomb?'

'What? Oh right. So we had a look at that, without using it ourselves, then wandered further down the street looking for a restaurant. We were so hungry we would actually have settled for a Pizza Hut, but we couldn't find one. We passed a curious sort of supermarket place which called itself a FOOD AND NON-FOOD CENTRE. Priceless. Then there was a pen shop, which had in its window a huge mass of pens all jumbled up together higgledy-piggledy, and in the middle a single pen up on a plinth, with a card claiming it was a bionic pen, and offered exceptional writing comfort, ha ha. But then we thought we'd cracked it. We came across a little self-service place. In the window it had two signs. One said SELF-SERVICE RESTAURANT, and the other one said NO SERVICE CHARGE. I thought that was a bit odd. But although the lights were on, it was empty and the door was locked, and nobody came when we banged on it. We knocked on the window too. Quite hard. But no luck, the place stayed shut no matter what—'

'Right, so you gave up on that one. And then? Let's get to the point, dear.'

'The what? Er, well, we wandered off, really hungry. John likened himself to a starving Parisian during the Prussian siege. Apparently they dug up corpses and minced the bones to make a thin gruel, and he said he actually wouldn't mind that so long as it was filling. Ew! Couldn't have eaten that myself. No matter how hungry I was. Very thought of it turns my stomach. Anyway then he was all for going back to the supermarket place to buy some crisps and chocolate when my eagle eye came to the rescue, spotting a red neon sign for the KANNIBAL KLUB KAFE.'

‘The what?’

‘The KANNIBAL KLUB KAFE, spelled with three Ks. I think it was a joke, but maybe they just couldn’t spell. Anyway we looked in, and found at the end of the room there was a fire lit under an enormous grill, and also a cooking pot, a large wooden club and a mural of a sunny beach with palm trees. Yes, it was themed. Not very politically correct, but I suppose they didn’t know any better. Actually I thought it was quite witty, in a quaint, old-fashioned way. But John was sniffy, said it was gimmicky and tacky. I said we should try it, it looked like great fun, and we were starving. He agreed, with ill grace, so we popped in. Well, I popped, and he sort of lumbered.

We were no sooner inside when a waiter materialized, seemingly out of nowhere. I was flabbergasted – my flabber was aghast. But I quickly recovered and asked him if he had a menu in English. He nodded, which didn’t fool me, because I knew now that that meant No, so I asked him what was on the menu and if there was a special for the day, and he said: “Grilled chaps.” I burst out laughing, but John got annoyed and corrected him, saying: “You mean chops.” He actually shouted “chops”. I suppose he was in a pet because he was so hungry. By this point it was desperate times in tummy-town. Anyway the waiter was a really nice man, didn’t take it amiss, just shrugged and smiled and ushered us to a table.

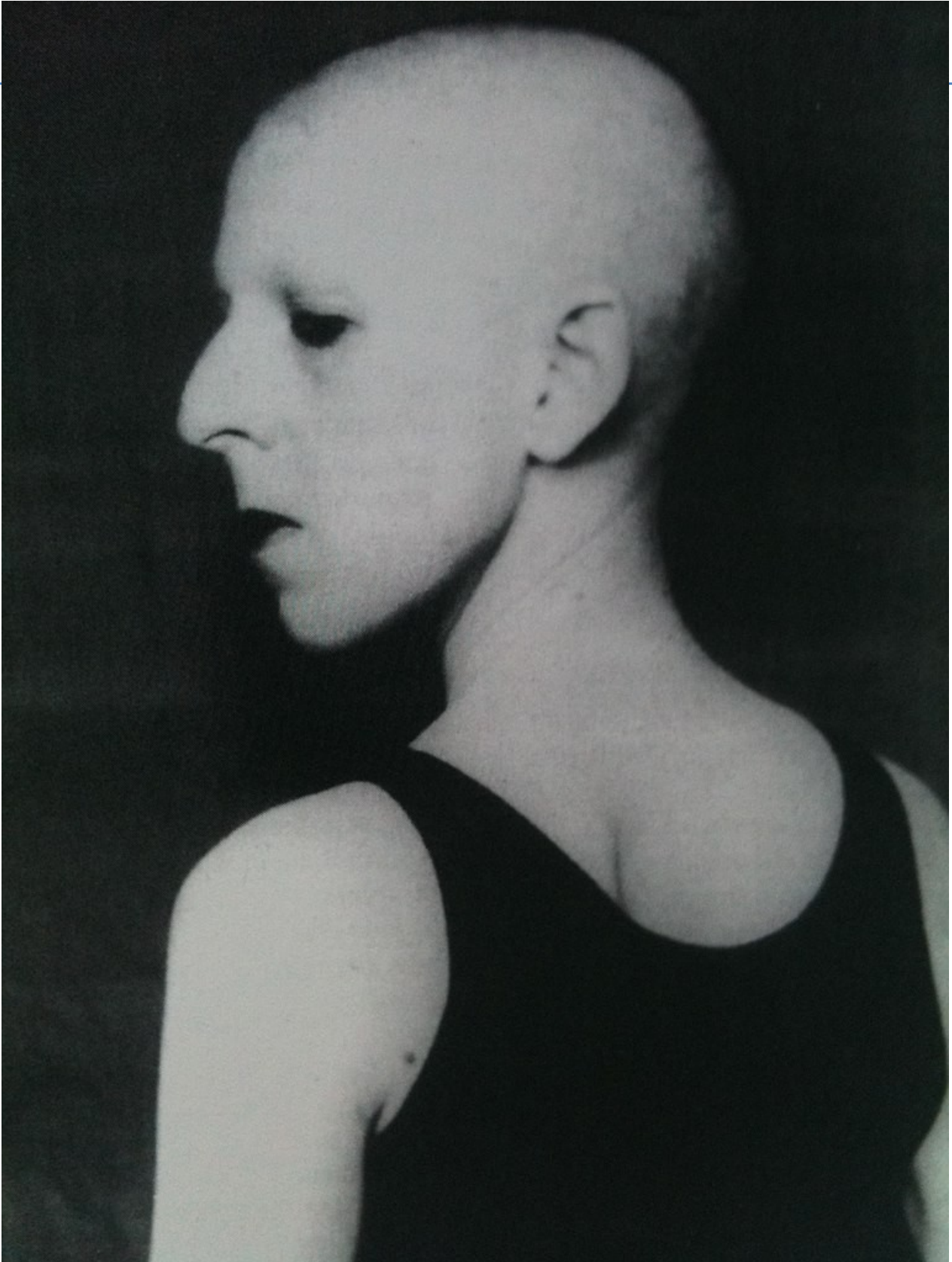
When we sat down, John asked him if there was anything else on the menu, something civilized like steak or Vienna schnitzel, and got quite shirty when the man said that was it. I whispered to John that the place was still a bit third world, so we couldn’t expect anything more. He was not best pleased, but told the waiter in that case he supposed we’d have the chops, and some of their best red wine to go with them, if they actually ran to red wine. The waiter said they did, went off and soon came back with a big carafe of it and two glasses. One of the glasses had a smear of lipstick on the rim, which John pointed out and demanded a clean glass. When we got one, John poured and examined the wine suspiciously, but it was fine – rich and full-bodied with an aftertaste of dark berries.

While we were trying it, the waiter chalked something on a little blackboard and put it in the window. It must have been the plat du jour because before long some locals arrived, so we didn’t feel so awkward as the only customers in the place. And soon all the tables were taken, and it got quite jolly. I must say they were charming people, the other customers. They looked over at us and smiled, then happily chatted away to each other. I smiled back and said Hello, but grumpy old John just scowled at them.

The food took its time coming and we got through a couple of glasses of wine while waiting for it. John is a bit of a wine snob, said it had all the élan of a Welsh claret, but I rather liked it, thought it was a bit like a Beaujolais. Actually not as smooth as a Beaujolais, not as sophisticated, but you could really taste the fruit in it. Which was wonderful. Anyway

we were drinking on an empty stomach, and it was quite strong, and I must have got a bit squiffy, because that's the last thing I remember...

But there's something I've been wondering about, mumsie, meaning to ask you about. How did I get back home? And why are you sitting at the table in the dark holding hands with those people?



Claude Cahun – self-portrait - 1930

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Rikki Santer

Stepsisters At Large

for Claude Cahun (1894-1954)
and Marcel Moore (1892-1972)

Fueled & fused
by enigma & art,
you were one,
you were the other,
Lucy & Suzanne,
more Claude & Marcel,
your lifeblood paired—
truth uncanny
plus rebel muse.

girls>>grok
garnish>>gamble

In cafe culture
you became a couple of fox
who could display & hide
in simultaneous wonder,
tantalizing bait,
irritating charm,
you made a body speak
in hundreds of ways,
signs within signs,
montages dreaming
more montages,
masquerade as bedrock,
masks with no eyeholes,
arms spidering out
from stone,
human rag doll
tucked into a shelf,
female dandy dandy
in chessboard coat,
stars on cheeks,
nipples on shirts,
heads inside bell jars,
Gildas of trousers,

Sapphos in love.

You were sacrifice,
test of moral argument,
crafted nodal points
of confrontation, subversive
tracts poking out from
barbed wire fences,
cigarette packets
stuffed in your old lady
pockets, all bets on for
agitating Nazis, prison,
the fait accompli.

reprieve>>retrieve
taboo>>redo

& here we are
in the lobby
of what you left behind,
of what was long lost,
& of what's beside
your timeless,
unnerving,
persistent points.

A Word about Claude Cahun

This short text can't really do justice to this remarkable person, but here goes. Claude Cahun was born Lucy Schwob in Nantes, France. At the local girls' school she was persecuted for being Jewish. After one violent incident, where she was tied to a tree and threatened with stoning, her father had her transferred to a school in Kent, England.

As an adult she went to live in Paris with her childhood friend Suzanne Malherbe. They became stepsisters and lovers. Together they published poetry collections under the names Claude Cahun and Marcel Moore. She also translated the works of Havelock Ellis into French. Claude often made self-portraits that underscored her fluid gender identity. She described her gender as neutral.

In the late thirties they moved to Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. When these were surrendered by the British government to the German invaders in 1940, the stepsisters started to produce and distribute satirical leaflets in German, mocking the nazis. In 1944 they were arrested and sentenced to death. Claude is said to have quipped that they would have to shoot her twice, once for being in the Resistance, a second time for being Jewish. The sentences weren't carried out, likely because by that time most of France was already liberated, and the islands themselves were likely to follow soon.

They were buried under the same headstone of the island of Jersey. A street in Paris is named after them.



German soldiers on the island of Jersey

Source: Bundesarchiv

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Rikki Santer

All the Days of Forgetting

Colors perceived exactly
as they aren't. How do you
prize apart light from paint,
map warm with cool.

In roux of madder red, in
lift-off of dragon's blood
you frame a nub of myth—
rhythms of hush.

In pure breaths of forgetting
we inhale no word, no plot,
no fashion, no tangle,
just place to dissolve
and vanish into fresh.

George Moore

Outlaws

As suburbs slept we snuck out
of our tiny basement windows

to wander the dark in a sacred silence
to visit our loves in the cool of the night

the ones we loved who would never know
asleep behind their second story windows

We wheeled our bicycles down empty blocks
and along old canal roads across byways

through rural wonderlands of the sleeping nameless
not waking any of that greedy world

and shared our secrets with a brilliant moon
peddling like crazy down empty highways

The outlaws that no one knew
armed with swords of lunar madness

saving the owls and foxes
and damsels in distress

George Moore

Mountaineering

for Emma Barnard, poet and grandmother

At the Boulder Field most turned back
in their long wool dresses hot as summer sweat lodges

But you forged on through the Keyhole crack
to the slippery backside of the mountain

and up higher onto the fourteener's flank
scrambling to reach the flat field summit

A place you might have said God lived
but for the eagle trap left by the Arapahoe

where they would lie on their backs covered with twigs
and wait to snatch the legs of tallow-tempted raptors

The highest point in the Front Range
from which you could see the world

like it was a boardgame or a map or maybe
God's great etching on the level of a word

in a prayer to stave off the electrical storms
and keep your hair from flying wild straight out

And descending again into the world
was maybe going back to a conscious time

rinsed and cleansed of the imperfections
by holy words that would never rhyme

Peter Van Belle

An Urban Hermit

A dark lout fails to hide his vagrant face
As red fog coats the evening city air
The young man's returning home, cold,
No fire sets his flesh alight
No embers under frozen ash
He alone can warm his yearning body
Only wine and single glass will taste his lips.

The homebound tram shudders,
A late sun flicks through the window
Shadows bouncing through the streets.
He pouts into the winter light,
Lifts a quick glance at a building
To catch a blanket smile,
Windows cast back city sky.

He can't accept his pain's a pet shop rabbit,
His honour the fish at Wednesday markets,
And for that secret cicatrix across his back,
His loneliness, soiled chips on manhole covers.

Peter Van Belle

A Film of Revelations

He settled in the red plush
And waited for a film to start.
A world faded with the lights.
Hushed, all stared to see the wonder.

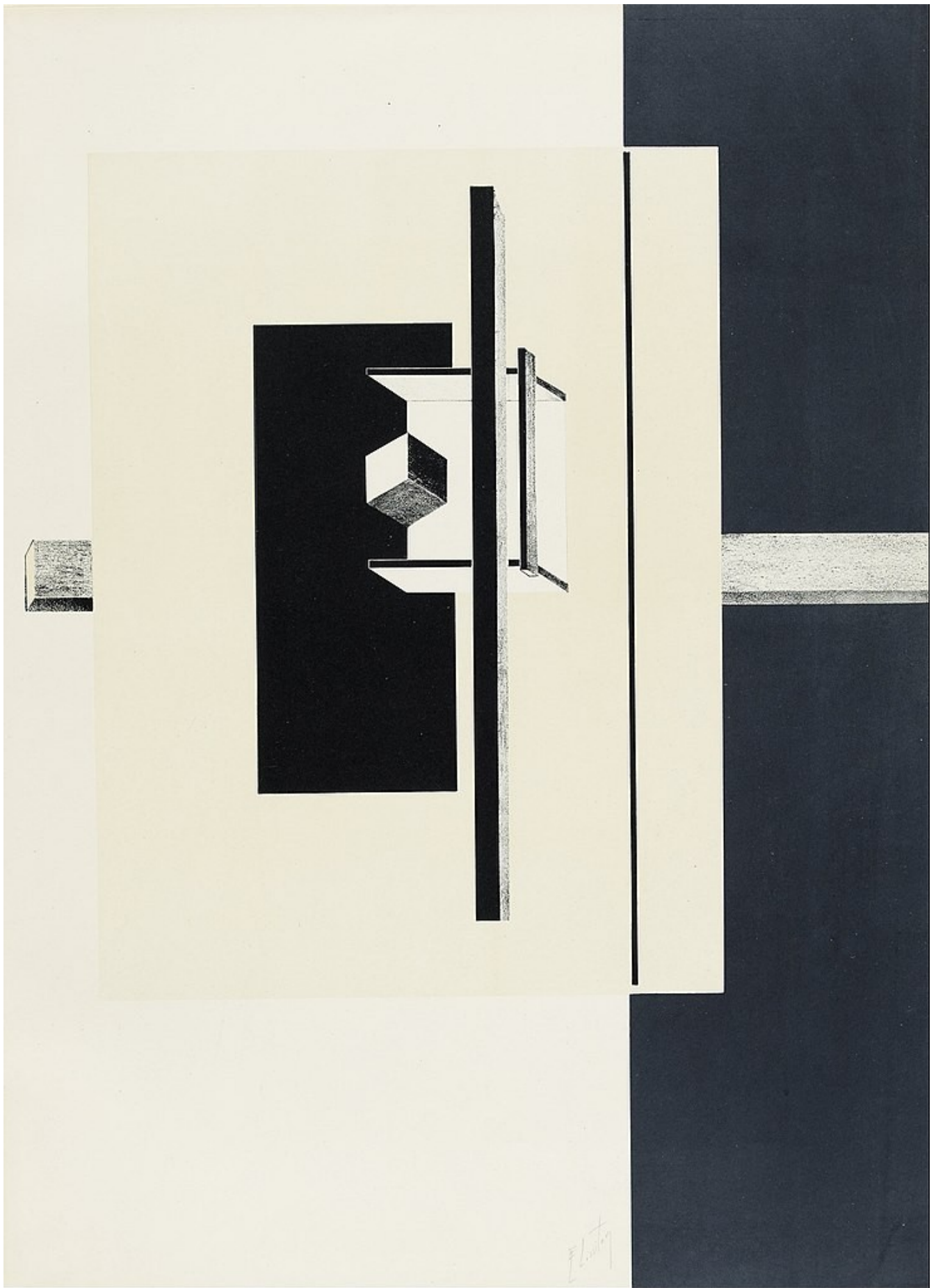
Lit by the busy lights,
The room bears them off,
Stripped of rain-soaked coats,
To coloured loves and fights.

In front of him heads meet,
Outlined as on linoprints.
He thought what it must be like
To kiss one on the screen.

In his passion he'd turn weak,
Dizzied by their fake touch,
Faint at their Judas kiss,
Born away by phony love.

His mind began to hiss:
How dare they all look so happy?
Outside a world dissolves to night
Like sugarcubes in cups of coffee.

Standing up, others roar,
A dark dot marks the screen
And in this light they saw him wince,
They'd read his murderous dreams.



Proun 1 by El Lissitzky

Algo X (For Klecksograph)

One/Zero

In any order you mean

Gives the ghost instruction

Inside machines.

Decima, Nona, Morta

No tenth, no tithe

Reveal reality....

Curtain divide!

Dig with your pen

Ten treasures beneath

Mar(x) the Spot

Until un-Earth you meet.

Algo

12022021

There was nothing unusual in the day itself.

Apart from how its date and month and year formed

Both an ambigram and a palindrome,

Like a barcode primed to be scanned and bagged

And put away with other mundane groceries.

There were the usual bi-polar moments,

The dying calm of not thinking

Followed by the usual orphaned waves of panic and despair,

Whipped up with abandon in an abandoned mind,

(Which to the external eyes of familiar men ,who inhabit a world of

Wives and children of various stages of education,)

Form the usual placid sea on the face in the bottom left hand corner.

Just another day ,punctuated by a well-meaning meeting.

Underneath the surface, however are viridescent visions.

My six year old niece tells me that she knows she is smart

Because she can hold two different thoughts in her head at the same time.

She didn't lick it off the ground it seems.

In between head shaking statements of the elongated vowels of "Unmute"

And diagonal lines removed from representations of old radio mics

Are fictional three letter cable news stations with a banner emblazoned

"Breaking". Apt.

It shows footage of a statue in my own form being pulled down by the neck

By well-meaning middle eastern men in Oxfam standard issue of top-flight

European soccer club jerseys a few season out of date.

They colloquially beat the now un-rescuable representation of the

hollow self with slippers,

The beatings percussed by rhythmic turns to face the camera

As smiling marines in sand camo keep a distance.

The statue's head is an issue. Further men with welding equipment arrive

To unweld and dismember.

The uniform. Jesus. And the beret. This is not me.

I live someone else's perfect life behind electronic gates and in

A "community" of detached plots populated by laurels and

Faux gas lamps.

The statues are pulled down now and the insurgency, from small beginnings

Rages through the countryside.

I welcome it.

No man's land.

Not mine anyway.



design by El Lissitzky, 1922

Alan Cohen

Variations on a Theme by Keats

“That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease”

In 1967 at Lincoln Center
Half way through “Cielo e mar”
Corelli becomes an angel
There is light all around his body
And one can see, through his voice, into heaven

A summer morning, still cool and quiet
The hummingbird hovers over the bottlebrush
And moves methodically
Metal red throat; green, recursive wings
From flower to flower to flower

Alone by the river bank
A young princess or serving girl
Exchanges the proud language of her clothing
For the profounder syllables of her nakedness
Then plunges

In the stacks, a pile of books on his carrel's desk
Reading, correlating, rereading
Extracting, writing
Making our world larger, safer, fuller

“The isle is full of noises”

Since his death my father
Rarely visits: in dreams and at quiet moments
But remains
A force and way of being
A song of joy

“La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte”

Like a time capsule
The mockingbird is a compendium of song
He sits on the fence and sings
Sincere as any child
Without stint all day
The memory, salesman, and conscience of the birds

A crabapple in a winter courtyard

The network of branches

Casts each its fat black shadow

In the moonlight on the snow

Untraceable

“Denn das Schöne ist nichts

Als des Schrecklichen Anfang, den wir noch grade ertragen

Und wir bewundern es so, weil es gelassen verschmaht,

Uns zu zerstören.”

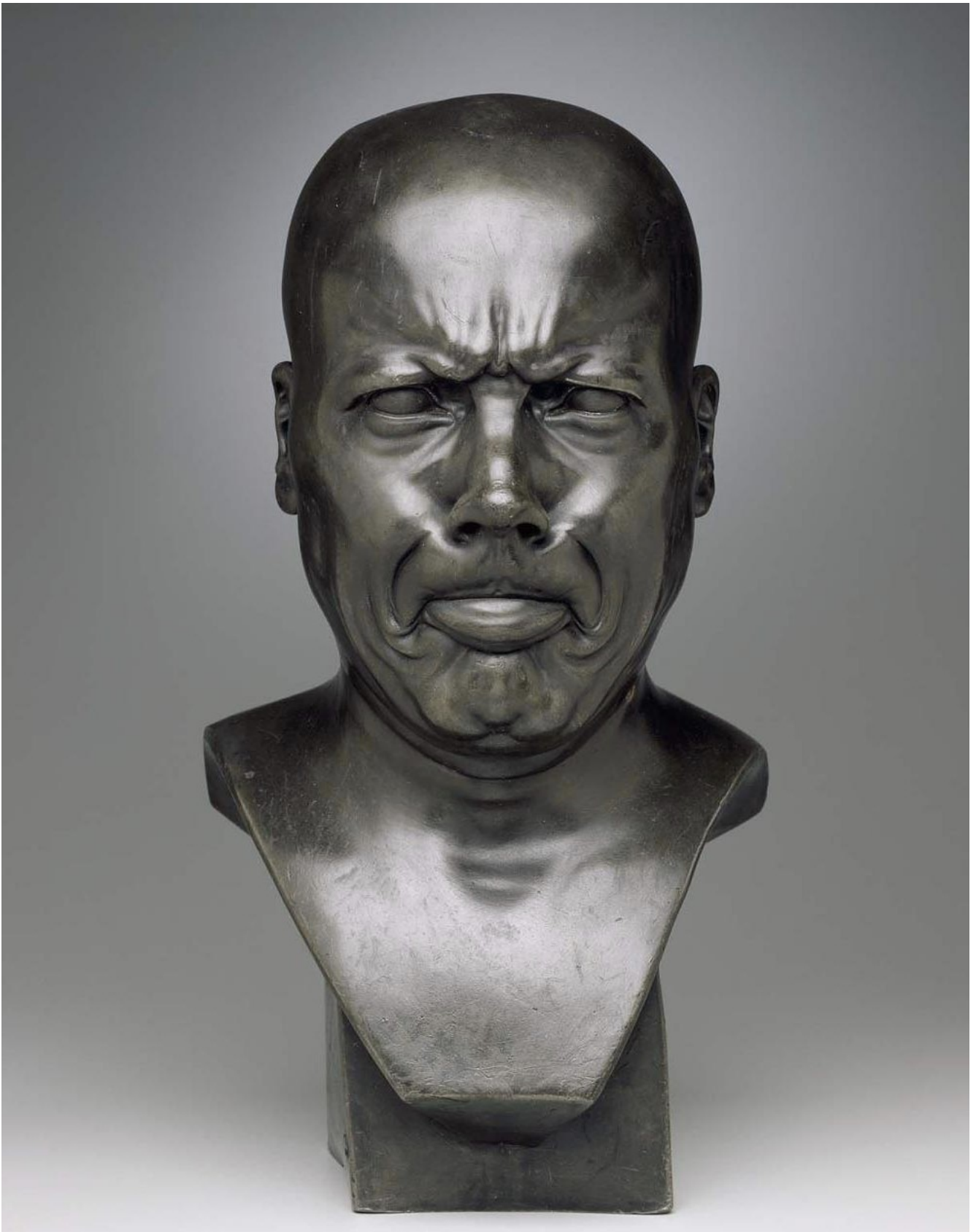
Anita's warm and welcoming voice

Answering the telephone

However busy, however distressed she may be

Giving all her love to an often hostile world

This light shining courageously like a star in the black night sky



A Hypochondriac by Franz Xaver Messerschmidt, made in lead between 1776 and 1783

Ian C. Smith

Film Noir

He knows they will come, reasons death awaits us all,
listens asleep fully dressed lit by pulsing neon,
tuned into anything different from the usual
approach of crazy skidrow bums' distinctive tread,
howling flophouse dreams, sad hope turned to ashes
in rooms with bottle, grimy glass, bare light bulb décor,
narrow beds, pillows rancid with despair or dread.

A dog barks. He remembers her body under her mink,

stubs a Lucky, wishes he had a piece, stupid, stupid,
his cut from the shakedown going, almost gone,
grand plans drained like blood from a bullet hole.

At the window he hears the dog again, a cry in the night.

A sloped sill reaches a drainpipe, grouted bricks
afford knotty fingertip holds if he doesn't look down.

Down is the problem, inching down, his direction
until he can run, hide, slide no longer.

Ray Miller

Stella

At Trixie's, mixing red wine with Stella,
holding up the concertinaed wall.

It's nearly time for me to Cinderella
and catch my taxi home before I fall
in cahoots with that youthful Prince Charming,
who's giving me the eye across the bar,
now he's sidled over here remarking
that I remind him of a moon, a star.

Oh, that there were so much space between us,
I protest to his self-important smirk.

When he discovers I possess a penis
will that rocket plummet back to Earth?

Sam Barbee

The Custodians

Fully Flourishing –

Inside the classroom, aspiring dreams
and lunch boxes. A sacrosanct chamber
of bright eyes, gold crucifixes, small
backpacks, green sneakers arrayed
like peacock plumage. Excited to learn.
Excited to thrive.

Fully Dead-locked & Loaded:

The boy enters through a propped door.
Nightmares outside a shiny maple door.
Its silver knob gleams. Always open
for the demented spirit – their immoral
periphery of noise, sharp pops, static.
Torment. All camps are enemy camps.

Full-Tilt Madness –

Slow motion giggles to squeals.

From simple fractions to terror.

Petite smiles, dynamic fires, tiny hands

across eyes. Tiny fingers and thumbs

all snuffed. America's Prayers beginning –

Thoughts brimming. But all still bloodied.

America now cradles bones. Will never fill hollows

or family's slaughtered hearts. Sons and Daughters

could not rely . . . Teacher's shield – Principal

answers cell phones – Policeman make sure hands

are clean and sanitized – Politician's post-outrage.

Minimum wage Custodian had keys . . . now must

scrape and wipe and mop . . . bag the bloody shards.

What's done is . . .

21 fully mute. . . .

Sam Barbee

Sign Language

I cannot sign goodbye with a fist.

Lip-synching previous farewells,
tight fingers tally old friends
who do not wave back.

Some cannot – they are just departed.

Their exodus quickens my isolation
like boulders rolled into the immense lake.
Their ripples gurgle goodbyes.

Dejections settle in a dark space,
stone-deaf to a whisper. My tomorrow
no longer requires communication
to be shrewd. I must become fluent

with my fingers. I will retract enough ribs
to grasp my deadened core, plus the pulse
in the recess behind my heart
where I sound out forgotten things.



A Grievously Wounded Man by Franz Xaver Messerschmidt, made in lead between 1776 and 1783

Gary Bolick

|| Chauvet || *

With measured time comes false gravity.

Without pocket-watches

The sense of an action was informed no less or more than
as a directive of the wind.

Gears and cogs, answer the metering flywheel

Manufacture the thump and of a heart-yes-beating

And enslaved to time,

Creating the twin dilemma of purpose and reaction

So that what once drifted lazily on the updraft of a dream

Drops-now-like a stone.

A false prophet's plea that

begs the question: Why look up and into

the deep-endless-hole if eventually it will

snap his heels and ask:

When?

In Chauvet

our-first-blackhole

Fire lit and shadow licked-timeless projections

Found place and purpose as they

Used the stone of cave walls as new skin

To imprint and solve the dilemma of a dream

That would never include its creator

Man.

True gravity solves the dilemma of separation:

All light and shadow merge with forms imagined and real turning

Ibex-bull-flower-and painter into a pin-point (not power point) expression on

Undulating stone,

Unseparated and breathing:

One.



*Sealed cave discovered in France that contains paintings over 30,000 years old. || a symbol of the infinite

Pauline Barbieri

The Man Who Sold Dreams

kept them in giant jars on shelves, running around the walls of his shop. The neon sign above the door said he was open 'Twenty Four Seven' which was very convenient for customers suffering from insomnia. I can't quite remember how I first got to know about him. I think it was seeing a postcard in the launderette which said, quite simply, 'For Sale – Recycled Dreams'.

I was curious and went off to find out more about them. What they cost? What condition they were in? The previous owners? That kind of thing. The address took me to a small shop on the corner of a street on the edge of town; dark and sultry looking.

I opened the door and went inside. As I did so, a quiet bell rang. I waited a few minutes but nobody appeared. I was just about to leave when a man came out of a back room through a red velvet curtain which I suppose was there to keep the dreams warm.

Now I never thought about how a 'Dream Seller' might look. So that when he appeared I wasn't expecting much. After all, dreams themselves are pretty fragile. No sooner have they seen the light of day than they disappear. Well, he was small and slim with eyes the colour of a summer sky. And when he smiled, as he did as soon as he saw me, it was like the sun coming out.

I could see plenty of jars but couldn't read any of the labels. They were all in some peculiar script so I had no idea what to ask for.

'How can I help you?' he asked quietly, as if he didn't want to wake me up. But all the time I had this strange feeling I was already awake.

'Ehrmm...I'm interested in buying a dream,' I stammered.

'What kind would you like?'

'Well, ehrmm...I'm not sure. How much are they?'

'Look!' he said, handing me a card, 'Here's my Price List but as you're potentially a new customer, I think you should first try a secondhand one. I mean you don't want to waste your money on something you don't like. Now do you?'

I scanned it carefully. It was in three sections 'New', 'Nearly New' and 'Recycled', with various prices running down alongside. 'These Recycled ones,' I asked, always on the lookout for a bargain, 'at two pounds fifty. Is that per minute, per hour, or by the night?'

‘Let me see,’ he said, taking hold of the list again. ‘Oh, for the whole night, of course! Although I must explain that you can’t expect any refund on recycled ones. Well, not at those prices! Now can you?’

I nodded in agreement. It seemed more than reasonable.

He carried on with his sales talk. ‘If it’s a good old fashioned one, like say, winning the pools or the lottery, it might have been used by thousands and the condition could be a bit dodgy. Having said that, I always check them when they come in, to make sure they’re working okay.’

I stood thinking about what he said, while taking a sly look around the shop. It was rather tatty and a bit dusty. It must have been around for quite a while. But I kind of liked it. It felt like being inside a warm glove in a bad winter.

‘I spend it on getting newer and better dreams,’ he said suddenly. I realized he was talking to me again and had answered an unspoken question. I’d just wondered what he spent his profits on – not the shop, that’s for sure! So now he was a mind reader as well! I might have known. These kind of people always have their fingers in lots of invisible pies.

‘Well, you can’t deal in dreams if you can’t read people’s minds,’ he said, ‘otherwise, you would land up with a right load of rubbish and you wouldn’t last long in this line of business. Now would you?’ He had a habit of asking questions he didn’t really want answering, or perhaps he already knew the answers. I would have to be careful.

Then he smiled again, showing a row of mother-of-pearl teeth. ‘Now!’ he sounded like Grandma getting ready to go to confession on Saturday night, ‘What are you really looking for?’ Obviously he could see my confusion. ‘Don’t tell me, you just don’t know!’

‘Well, if I did, I would have asked for it right away.’ I said laughing, ‘the problem with dreams is that you always get one you don’t really want. And they’re always so boring to other people. I want a really interesting one. One which other people will want but they’re the very ones that fade away as soon as I wake up.’ He was nodding in agreement. ‘I want one to carry around with me in my bag. One I won’t forget. One I can have every night if I feel like it.’

‘Whoa! Hold on! Hold on!’ he shouted, wiping his forehead with an old spotted scarf. ‘You mean, like that one you had in London, in June 1979?’ ‘Which one?’ I was beginning to feel nervous and didn’t know why. ‘You know, that one on the banks of the Thames?’

‘Oh no! How do you know about that one? It’s almost faded away. It was so long ago.’

‘Well, you’re really lucky. I’ve just got one in. It’s in mint condition.’ ‘Really?’

‘Yeah, I bought it off the man you shared it with. The one who had to leave you behind.’

‘How...how...?’ I could hardly speak.

‘The one who told you that he’d married you with his heart - not his head!’ I started feeling nervous again. How much did he know?

He carried on swiftly, ‘He was very weak and just about to pass on and said he couldn’t take it with him.’

Now I was trembling...remembering. So now he was dead. I tried to hold back the tears.

He couldn’t stop his passionate pitch. ‘It’s so beautiful, as you know, and he wouldn’t take a penny less than two hundred.’

I wasn’t sure if I was ready to see him again but before I could make up my mind he said, ‘Wait! I’ll just get it for you.’ Stretching up to the very top shelf, he lifted down a yellow jar which he placed onto the counter. Then he took off the lid, dipped his hand inside and pulled out a dream. He put it down in front of me. ‘Why don’t you check it out? See if it’s the right one. Here’s a projector.’ He placed a tiny silver machine on the counter and slotted in the dream. As the motor started, the velvet curtain at the back of the shop opened up to reveal a wide, ultramarine, screen and the dream rolled out in front of me.

I saw myself, thirty years earlier; young, beautiful, laughing with him, the love of my life. We were standing by Tower Bridge, under a star-filled sky, the day he was leaving me to go back to his home in the East. I watched as we exchanged kisses full of impossible promises and then walked back to our hotel to say a final good-bye. ‘You won’t get any better!’ he said, absolutely sure of himself.

‘How much did you say?’ I said, getting my purse out of my bag. He looked around for some paper. ‘No!’ I said, ‘there’s no need to wrap it. I’ll take it as it is.’



Fete Etrange by Alice Bailly

CONTRIBUTORS

El Lissitzky, (1890-1941), born into a Lithuanian Jewish family in Smolensk, studied in Germany and Riga, then moved back to Russia. He later became a member of the Russian avant-garde.

René Daumal, (1908-1944) started a literary group as a student inspired by the works of Alfred Jarry and Rimbaud. He experimented with various intoxicants to achieve a near-comatose state. Later he learned Sanskrit and studied Eastern religious texts. He started *Le Grand Jeu*, a magazine that militated against Western rationalism. Translated the works of Hemingway and Daisetz Suzuki into French. His novel *Le Mont Analogue* influenced Patti Smith.

Martin Ferguson is a poet and English language teacher living and working in France.. His poems have appeared in *Stand*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *The Poetry Village*, *The High Window*, *The Journal*, *International Times* and *Runcible Spoon* among others. His first collection, 'An A to Z Art of Urban Survival Following Diogenes of Sinope', was shortlisted by *Against the Grain Press* and published in 2019 by *Original Plus*. He was a guest poet on *Paris Spoken World Online* hosted by David Sirois in 2020.

R. Gerry Fabian is a published poet and novelist. He has published four books of his published poems, *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts* and *Ball On The Mound*. In addition, he has published four novels: *Getting Lucky (The Story)*, *Memphis Masquerade*, *Seventh Sense* and *Ghost Girl*.

His web page is <https://rgerryfabian.wordpress.com>

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He lives in Doylestown, PA.

LB Sedlacek has had poems and stories appear in a variety of journals and zines. Her short story "Backwards Wink" won 1st Place Prose for "Branches" literary magazine 2022. Her latest fiction book is "The Jackalope Committee and Other Tales" published by Alien Buddha Press. Her fiction books include the award nominated mystery "The Glass River" and "Four Thieves of Vinegar & Other Short Stories."

Her poetry books include “Swim,” “I’m No Robot,” “The Poet Next Door,” “Simultaneous Submissions,” “Happy Little Clouds,” and “Words and Bones.” LB also likes to swim and read..

Phil Wood (poet based in Wales) and **John Winder** (photographer based in Northern Ireland) have been collaborating for a couple of years. The purpose of the collaboration is to explore lines of communication between art forms. Each work consists of a poem and a photograph, one work an organic development from the other. This is a collaboration between a poet and a photographer seeking to cross divides. There is a natural conversation between each piece that proves boundaries can be crossed. .

Alison Black is from Belfast and has been writing for 17 years.

Laura Minning began writing creatively at the tender age of nine. Her first poem was published by her Alma-matter in 1989, and her second received an Editor’s Choice Award by the National Library of Poetry in 1993. Laura’s work has been featured both in hard copy and on-line, via publications like “Literature Today”, “Amulet” and “Stanzaic Stylings”. Laura received her first International Merritt of Poetry Award in 1995 and her second in 1998. Both were presented to her by the National Library of Poetry. Her outstanding achievements in poetry were internationally recognized again in 2005 by Poetry.com, who was kind enough to bestow the title of International Poet of the Year on to her.

Laura’s first collection of poetry, “dear diary” was published by Vantage Press in 2003. Her second book, “sunburst” was published by Xlibris a year and a half later.

Laura’s artistic accomplishments have been equally impressive. She’s been creating and exhibiting abstract work since the fall of 2013. Her pieces have been displayed at venues like the Iowa Children’s Museum, the Trenton Free Public Library and Barcode. Her artwork, as well as her original photography, has also obtained publication status both in hard copy and on-line.

The Barcode exhibit was held in the spring of 2016. It featured thirty-six pieces of Laura’s original abstract artwork. Four were sold over the course of the exhibition’s opening weekend, and the entire event was sponsored by Bacardi.

In the spring of 2018, Laura produced a chapbook, entitled “fusion”, which featured photographic images of her artwork.

As a person with legal blindness, Laura hopes to inspire other creative people with disabilities to never allow anything to hinder them from reaching for the stars and accomplishing their dreams. If you were to ask her about her creative successes, she would

tell you that the difficult is but the work of the moment, and the impossible takes a little longer.

For more information about Laura and her work, please feel free to log onto her website at <https://brcartandpoetry.wordpress.com>.

Maria Arana is a teacher, writer, poet, and editor. Her poetry has been published in various journals including Spectrum, The Gonzo Press, and fevers of the mind. You can find her at https://twitter.com/m_a_Arana and <https://aranaeditingservices.com>.

Sam Smith is editor of The Journal (once 'of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry'), and publisher of Original Plus books. He has been a psychiatric nurse, residential social worker, milkman, plumber, laboratory analyst, groundsman, sailor, computer operator, scaffolder, gardener, painter & decorator..... working at anything, in fact, which paid the rent, enabled him to raise his three daughters and which hasn't got too much in the way of his writing. He has several poetry collections and novels to his name, has won prizes and awards, organised festivals and readings. Now in his 70s he has ended up living in South Wales. <https://sites.google.com/site/samsmiththejournal/>

After a long career as a professor of Classics (specialising in Latin literature) **Paul Murgatroyd** retired four years ago and started writing novels and short stories. Seventeen of the latter have been published or accepted for publication, along with three poems in English and over fifty of his Latin poems.

Rikki Santer's work has appeared in various publications including Ms. Magazine, Poetry East, Slab, Slipstream, PANK, Crab Orchard Review, RHINO, Grimm, Hotel Amerika, and The Main Street Rag. Her work has received many honors, including five Pushcart and three Ohioana book award nominations, as well as a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Her eighth collection, Drop Jaw, inspired by the art of ventriloquism, was published this spring by Nightballet Press. Her website is www.rikkisanter.com.

George Moore is the author of Saint Agnes Outside the Walls (FurureCycle 2016) and Children's Drawings of the Universe (Salmon Poetry 2015). Poems have appeared in The Atlantic, Poetry, Orion, Arc, Colorado Review, and Stand. He has done recent residencies in Latvia and Greece, and work has been shortlisted for the Bailieborough Poetry Prize and

long-listed for the Gregory O'Donoghue Poetry Prize. After a career at the University of Colorado, Boulder, he presently lives with the wife, also a poet, on the south shore of Nova Scotia.

Peter Van Belle is the editor of The Klecksograph and has published poems and short stories in Great Britain, Ireland, New Zealand, Canada, the US, and Belgium. As a child he lived in the US, but now he lives in Belgium.

Algo is from Ireland. In self-imposed self-isolation, Algo only wears black and enjoys studying the school of Austrian Economics, reading comic books and meditating. Algo once believed he was a nihilist but now believes in something higher.

Alan Cohen's first publication as a poet was in the PTA Newsletter when he was 10 years old. He graduated Farmingdale High School (where he was Poetry Editor of the magazine, The Bard), Vassar College (with a BA in English) and University of California at Davis Medical School, did his internship in Boston and his residency in Hawaii, and was then a Primary Care physician, teacher, and Chief of Primary Care at the VA, first in Fresno, CA and later in Roseburg, OR. He was nominated for his performance in Fresno for the 2012 VA Mark Wolcott Award for Excellence in Clinical Care Leadership. He has gone on writing poems for 60 years and, now retired from medicine, is beginning to share some of his discoveries.

Franz Messerschmidt (1736-1783) at first enjoyed a successful career as a court sculptor in Vienna. At 35 he started suffering from a persecution mania. He withdrew to Bratislava where he produced a series of busts, self-portraits of grimaces, in an attempt to exorcise his demons.

Ian C Smith's work has been published in Antipodes, BBC Radio 4 Sounds, The Dalhousie Review, Griffith Review, San Pedro River Review, Southword, The Stony Thursday Book, & Two Thirds North. His seventh book is wonder sadness madness joy, Ginninderra (Port Adelaide). He writes in the Gippsland Lakes area of Victoria, and on Flinders Island.

Ray Miller is a Socialist, Aston Villa supporter and faithful husband. Life's been a disappointment.

Gary Bolick is a native of North Carolina, where he now lives with his wife Jill. He lived and studied in Paris and Dijon for a year and a half before graduating from Wake Forest. At Wake he studied under and was mentored by Germaine Bree, who was very supportive of his writing and interests in surrealism and Carl Jung's work on the collective unconscious. He has published three novels. The latest being: *A WALKING SHADOW* (Unsolicited Press) published 2018.

Pauline Barbieri was shortlisted for the Bridport Poetry Prize by the poet laureate, Sir Andrew Motion and twice for the Exeter Poetry Prize by Jo Shapcott and Lawrence Sail, respectively. She has had six collections of poetry published and was shortlisted for the Cinnamon Press Novel Awards for her book, 'Smoke and Gold'.

Alice Bailly (1872-1938) was born in Geneva. She studied art in Munich, then returned to Geneva. She participated in the Swiss Dada Movement, but later moved to Paris and befriended modernist painters like Juan Gris and Fernand Léger.

END OF ISSUE TEN OF THE KLEKSOGRAPH

